The British Apollo,

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From Friday December 24th. to Wedneſday December 29th. 1708.

WE deſire thoſe few Subſcribers, who have not paid, in caſe they ſhall be abroad, or not ſtirring, when our Servants come on *Friday* next, that they will be ſo kind, as to leave the Money with their Servants.

Q. *Gentlemen, 'Tis the Opinion of divers Learned Men,' that the Children of Iſrael, when they fled from* Pharaoh, *that they went not croſs the Red-Sea from Strand to Strand (as is generally believ'd) but fetching a great Compaſs in the Sea (according as the waters were Caſt up) return'd to ſtore on the ſame ſide; and indeed their going out of the Wilderneſs of* Etham, *into the Sea (as it ſeems they did* Ex. 13. 20. *compar'd with* Chap. 14. 2.) *and their coming out of the Sea into the Wilderneſs again (and went 3 days Journey in the Wilderneſs of* Etham *after they came out of the Sea* Numb. 33. 8.) *gives much Countenance to that Opinion. Your thoughts on this is deſir'd by your Subſcriber*, &c.

A. We think the Opinion you propoſe, to be a no Improbable one, for the Reaſon, you alledge in it's Vindication. But as the Jewiſh Rabbins are alſo of this Opinion, ſo they add another reaſon to Your's, and obſerve, that, tho' the Iſraelites had croſt the Sea in the moſt Narrow part of it, yet ſo great a Multitude muſt have ſpent abundantly more time than we read they did in Paſſing it.

Q. *Pray, Gentlemen, Is it a Sin to ſwear by the Name of God in a true thing, for methinks the Commandment only forbids to ſwear in Vain.*

A. God's Name is taken *in Vain* by a Twofold Perſon; by the *Falſe*, and by the *Common* Swearer. The one *Blaſphemes* his Maker's Honor; the other *Sports* with it. And therefore Both Unhappily forget *that Holy and Reverent is his Name.*

But what, tho' the Commandment had not forbid Cuſtomary Swearing? Is it not ſufficient, that your Saviour has forbid it; forbid it in a Full, in an Expreſſive manner? *Swear not at all; but let your Communication be Yea, Yea; Nay, Nay: For whatſoever is more than theſe Cometh of Evil.*

Q. *If an High-way Man threatens to Kill me, unleſs I promiſe him a certain Sum of Money, am I under an Obligation to pay the Sum?*

A. Since it is a certain Axiom in Morality, that Promiſes are things Inviolable, unleſs Particular Reaſons ſuperſede their Obligation, We, who are on the Affirmative ſide, have nothing more to do than to take off the ſeveral Objections Oppoſ'd to it by thoſe, who maintain the Negative. And therefore we beg leave to Propoſe them, and Confute them.

1. No Faith, ſay ſome, is Binding to the Conſcience, which has for it's Object the Perſon of an Enemy. But this favours too Deeply of French Maxims to be allow'd admittance in a Britiſh Ile.

2. Some alledg, that a Promiſe is no ways Obliging, that owes it's Original to *Force*. But tho the Traveller be *Forc'd* to Chooſe, whether he will Part with his Money or his Life, yet what is Conſequent to that Force, namely, the Chooſing to Part with his Money, Rather than his Life, is a *Voluntary* Act on.

3. A Man, ſay they, who Acts upon a Principle of *Fear*, is no ways Maſter of his Reaſon; and therefore Incapable of making an Obligatory Promiſe. But here we wou'd ask a no Unreaſonable Queſtion; namely, whether a Wiſe Man, tho' endu'd with an Undaunted Courage, with an Unſhaken Bravery of Mind under an Aſſault, wou'd not conclude it a very Imprudent Action to Prefer his Money to his Life.

4. Since an Highwayman, they add, is a Publick Enemy, to pay him a Sum of Money ſo Unwarrantably Demanded is a Breach of the Civil Conſtitution. But to this we Anſwer, that if it be Unlawful to Perform, it is Conſequently Unlawful to Make the Promiſe. For to Make a Promiſe, we Intend not to Perform, as it is ſuch a Piece of Diſſimulation, as is Inconſiſtent with the Precepts of Morality, ſo it Includes a Notorious Lie. But that Lying, even while Abſtracted from it's Miſchievous Adjuncts, is endued with an Intrinſick Turpitude, we have Elſewhere ſhewn. And therefore the Civil Conſtitution will allow us to Pay the Sum demanded, ſince otherwiſe it muſt Forbid us to make the Promiſe. But ſuch a Prohibition is attended with greater Inconveniences to the Publick, from the Endanger'd Lives of Innocent Travellers, than can be ſuppos'd to be Ballanc'd by the Payment of the Promis'd Sums. And the Argument concerning the Unlawfulneſs of Promiſing a Sum, if afterwards at Liberty, as to it's Performance, Equally Confutes the Second of the Propos'd Objections.

Q. *Why we can from* Greenwich, *at high water, plainly discern the Cattle feeding in the Isle of Dogs, and not at low water, although We and They are in the same place.*

A. Because at that time the Water is High enough to receive the Light, reflected from the Cattle, in such a manner, as that the same Light entring a grosser Medium, and therefore deflecting farther from a Perpendicular, may by such a Deflection be brought to the Objects to such an Height, as to make them become Visible to those at *Greenwich*.

Q. *Gentlemen, I desire you to satisfie me, and some others of your Subscribers, concerning this King of* England, *whom it is reported that* Thule, *in Scotland, should send his Homage to*

A. Egbert, Son of *Alcmund*, one of the Kings of the Saxon Heptarchy, and 19th King of the West-Saxons, by his Warlike Atchievements, got to be one of the famous Heroes of the Age; conquered the other Kings, and reduced their Dominions to his Obedience. He ended in the Year 836 his Warlike Life at *Winchester*, the Seat of the Saxon Kings, after he had reigned 37 Years, as Dr. *Heylin* in his New Tale of *Eugenius*, whom he follows in the Royal Proclamation, as Dr. *Heylin* in his Cosmography, affirms the same.

Eloquent of this Country.

Rays. Accordingly to the Incomparable Sir *Isaac Newton*, all Colours have their Rise in the Different Refrangibility of Light to Objects are of Different Colours according as their Particles are Disposed to Reflect some, and Refract other of the Rays. Accordingly to the Incomparable Sir *Isaac Newton*, all Colours have their Rise in the Different Refrangibility of Light to Objects are of Different Colours according as their Particles are Disposed to Reflect some, and Refract other of the Rays. Wherefore the Particles of the Bodies, to the Particular Modification of the Rays, renders them capable of Reflecting those Rays, that are endued with a Red Colour, whereas the Modification of the Particles renders them capable of Reflecting those Rays, that are endued with a Green Colour, and so of the Reflection of All, or almost All Sorts of Rays, from which Variety of Mixture the Colour of the Flame Arises.

Q. *What is the meaning of the word* Cynosure, *which is in the motto of* Apollo's *Arms?*

A. See *Bossu Aristotle*, Numb. 7.

Q. *Apollonians, I have often taken up a Fire-stick, and turned it faster, about, so that there seemed to be a Circle of Fire, tho' but one Spark was there at a time. Pray the Reason of this.*

A. The Phenomenon proceeds from no other cause than the successive Motion of the Fiery Particles, which by it's Disproportion'd Swiftness to Resides the Optick Nerves, as that they are not able to Represent the Intervals.

Q. *Gentlemen, I Desire you would inform me, how to run unto a Question in your Book of* Apollo's, *so as to find out a Particular Question, with the Solution to it. For I suppose you have some Method, which I am ignorant of; which, if you will impart unto the World, will not only be serviceable unto me, but unto many more, who are Incouragers of your Ingenious Undertaking.* Oakham.

A. We have at present no other way but this, viz. to look for Divinity Questions in the beginning of the Paper, for Philosophy, &c. in those after, and so in the Poetry; but after *Lady-Day*, an Index will be published of the first Volumn, and then it will be easie for any in That to find all.

Q. *The humble petition of several Young Ladies, Sheweth, That whereas Men are grown so scarce this War time, that Matrimony as well as Mars finds few Volunteers, our Patience is quite worn out, and we resolve to go and try the Fortune in other Countries, let it be as far as the* Indies. *Now whereas your Godship Travels round the Globe every Day, and that you profess great Civilities to our Sex, your Petitioners humbly desire your Advice and Direction, in what, Country they may best be furnished with those convenient things call'd Husbands, and they shall ever pray, &c.*

We need not tell you how much we long for a speedy Answer.

A. Ladies, *Apollo* is always ready to open his Bowels of Compassion for Relief of the Fair Sex, and Eagle throughout his Diurnal Course, strictly examined all Places, which might give the least umbrage of Succour to your distress'd Condition; but alas! with little hopes of Success. In the *Ottoman Empire*, the Women are contented with the fourth, to be so; but in a Husband; and generally in all the *Eastern* Countries, the Wives are nothing Interior to their Husband's Slaves. The *Northern*, Hearts but little Custom to your warm Inclinations of *Italy*, *Spain*, *Germany*, and all *Popish* Dominions, the most of the Men are confined to the Church and Celibacy; nor can we promise any Relief will be open to receive you but those of Law, Merchants and your Portion shall you carry no Money, but about you. So that it will (as bad as Now) be little England produces best fits; and this Consort we will give you in your melancholy Circumstances; that whereas we have great Numbers of Ladies, Maids, before our Shrine, daily Complaining of Cruelty, Cruelty, Cruelty, Scorn, Others of Cruel Inconstancy, some of Double Coyness, Others of Cruelty, Pride, and Flame of *A.* Over-Ripeness, with infinite Numbers Listed under Cupid's Banners; which we can muster up an Army of these disappointed Lovers enough to Church your Sex, and will Head and lead them on to Conquest.

POEMS.

Q. *O Sir Isaac Newton's Spirit, and such are term'd the* (Wits,

Now, as these Gentlemen, That how this fits
Dull Genius, Wits Apollo must advise,
Whose Lowness without all others we despise)
In their Silly Satires, Farce, Lampoon,
The Fairer Sex, and Each a Fool's Buffoon
A Marry'd Man expose, nor will believe,
From Matrimony any Joys can give;
Yokes, Halters, Pill'rys are their frequent Text
By which their Parts are wond'rously exprest:
Now tell us whether This, true Gentry shews,
Or Wit-sublime, or whence the Error flows.

A. Far is't from Gentry, since the *best bred Men*
Esteem the Sex, the *Noblest Gift* of Heav'n;
The neareſt to the *Glorious Forms* above,
Fram'd to exalt the *Extacy* of *Love*:
To crown with utmoſt Bliſs our Wiſhes, while
They raiſe our Joys to Raptures with a *Smile*.
Much leſs is *Wit*, in thoſe poor *Thoughts* main-
(tain'd,
It rather ſhews, that to the *Dregs* 'tis drain'd;
Since all they Prate, is only what before,
A thouſand times has been repeated o'er;

They

They fancy that their *Sovereigns* they are,
And by Prerogative t' insult the Fair;
Base, Abject Thoughts, which Nobler Brutes re-
(ject,
Ought they not, if they'd *Govern*, to *Protect*;
Much less with hateful Cowardice pretend,
To Triumph over those, unarmed to contend.
Their Senseless Palate, through a Vicious Life,
Gives them no Taste i'th' Blessings of a *Wife*;
Whilst (as it is the Custom of a Fool)
What they can't *Comprehend*, they *Ridicule*.

Q. Apollo, *pray persist to Sing, Sir,*
For tho' on Hanging Days,
You Publish still your Lays,
You need not ever fear to Swing, Sir.

The Rich shall ne'er be Tyburn *Vaulters,*
Tho' rev'd for greatest Crimes,
In these impartial Times,
'Tis Poor Men only grace the Halters.

But if they are not Rich, or High-born,
Or if they Friends have none,
They quickly will be flown,
The sure and ready way to Tyburn.

Then good Apollo *say, why Reigns*
This Partiality,
(Which no Man can deny)
So oft in wicked Juries Brains.

A. Who can condemn their Pol[icy]
Since many of those Tribes,
For Perjury and Bribes,
Know, *They* deserve the Fatal Tree.

So favour prudently a Brother,
'Cause He in time may come,
To help *reverse* their Doom.
And one *Good Turn*, *deserves another*.

D' ye hear Apollo's *Sons!*
Q. *Nine* Taylors *go to make a Man,*
As you did seem to prove,
By saying, that a lusty Maid,
Who met eight near a Grove;

And shewing them a Black-pudding,
Did fright them dreadfully,
Who thinking that it was a Gun,
Did loose their Coin *thereby.*

Now I, who am a Taylor *strong,*
And will defend the Cause,
Will fight with any two of you
At either Sword *or* Paws.

'Cause You such Scandals raise on us,
Methinks, 'tis very hard--O;
If you will meet between both Parks
THE *Valiant* Jon'than Pardoe.

A. Thou Threat'ning *Ninth*, of Temper Odd,
Whose *Manhood* none believe;
Who *Laugh'st*, when all the Nation *Mourns*,
And, when that's o'er, wilt *Grieve*.

Flush'd on our *Griefs*, like *Crows* on *Corps*,
Thou would'st extend thy *Span*,
And fancy *twelve Pence more a Day*,
Will *build Thee* up to *Man*.

March to the Parks, a *Dwarf Black Guard*,
(Thy *Match*) shall meet Thee Nimble,
Thrash thy *Lank Hide*, although thou 're Arm'd
With *Needle, Yard* and *Thimble*.

Sons of Apollo,
Q. Forty bold Boys of us, are resolv'd,
By Jove, *because our Questions are not solv'd,*
After your Father's Chariot to fly,
And Pull you down, tho' mounted on the Sky.
A. A *Pack* of Fools, with full-mouth'd Cry.
Resolve, *O Jupiter*, to fly;
Whilst *Hating*, o'er their *High's* Design,
Confesses, they're not fit to Live.
Q. Apollo, *by an Handsome Girl*
Of late, I've been Admir'd,
And by some Charms, she's seen in me,
Believe she has been Fir'd,
Why should she Blush at it, alone
We're left, when I behold her;
O think I'm not in Amorous Style,
She'd tell her Mind, if Bolder?
A. A Blush more often is a Mark
Of *Shame*, than 'tis of *Love*,
And you may fondly *That*, to what
She never meant, Improve.
She well might *Blush*, when left alone
With such a wretched Fop;
Who had a stock of Impudence,
His *weak Conceit* to Prop.

To a Young Lady *complaining that the* Spinnet, *She play'd upon, and sung to, was* out of Tune.

STill you *complain*, and still my *Soul*,
Is sweetly *Beckon'd* to your sound,
About my *Lifted Fancy*, *Phantoms* roll,
My Thoughts in *Fairy Circles* dance around:

Each *Piercing Stroke*, your nimble Fingers give,
Not only *pleases* but *dilates* my Mind,
I swell, methinks, *beyond my self*, and leave
The *Taste* of *frail Mortality* behind.

My *Beating Heart* of *heav'nly force possest*,
Knocks loudly at my *Earthly Breast*.

Fain

Pain wou'd *be gone*, but knows not where.
For, when *elated* into Air,
The *ſound* is *loſt*, which ſummon'd it away,
Then all *impatient* of Delay
The raptur'd *Fugitive* is *downwards Sung*,
Clings to your *Inſtrument* tho' looſely ſtrung,
And Hangs upon the *Muſick of your Tongue.*

Still you *complain*, ſtill *Love Inſpire*,
Like Men, who live in an *infected Air*,
I gape for *Breath*, but ſtrait admit *Deſpair.*
Each Tuneſull Accent, Arm'd with pointed Pain,
Raiſes the Boundleſs *Fury of deſire*,
Which your Harmonious *Charms*, can never *lay* again.

Ah cruel Fair, too late *alas*! I ſee,
The *needleſs Stratagem* of your diſdain,
You might with *open Force* have conquer'd *me*,
For all *Reſiſtance* had been *vain.*

But *ah*! you act like ſome *Deluſive Foe*,
Who does a *ſeeming Ignorance* diſplay,
A while with *aukward Geſtures* waits each Blow,
And with a *Ruſty Sword* diſputes the Day.

Till his *unwary Enemy*, amaz'd
To find a *ſudden change* in his Alarms,
So long, *ſurpriz'd*, has on the wonder gaz'd,
That wanting skill to *fight* He throws away his
Arms.

SIR,

THE Letters from Milan adviſe, that 'tis reported there, that the Duke of Savoy endeavours to obtain from the Courts of Vienna and Barcelona the Government of the Milaneze for his Life, and offers upon that conſideration, to maintain 40000 Men at his own Charge as long as the War againſt France continues: That from Rome they write, That the Mareſchal de Theſſe, not being like to ſucceed in his Negotiations, has received Orders to leave that Place, and is preparing to return home. That two thouſand Men more that embark'd at Final are ſail'd for Barcelona. And from Verona 'tis advis'd, That the Imperialiſts employ'd in the Blockade of Ferrara, have rais'd a Battery of Cannon and Mortars, with deſign to Batter that Place, on pretence that the Pope does but amuſe the Marquis de Prie with fair Promiſes, and has again reſolv'd to augment his Forces. The Letters from the Camp before Ghent, Decem. 31. adviſe, That the Day before the Marquis de Artajan, a Brigadier, with a Colonel, and a Lieutenant-Colonel came out of the City of Ghent as Hoſtages, for the Execution of the Capitulation; and the Lord North and Grey, a Brigadier, with a Dutch Colonel, and a Pruſſian Lieutenant-Colonel, were ſent in Exchange; and this Morning our Troops took Poſſeſſion of one of the Gates of the Town, and of the Succours-Gate of the Caſtle; and the Duke of Argyle is order'd, with ſix Batalions to take Poſſeſſion of the Town on Wedneſday Morning, when the Garriſon Marches out. That the Duke of Marlborough has ſent an Officer, to the Garriſon of Bruges, to offer them the ſame Terms, as Count La Mothe has obtain'd, if they will Surrender that Town, and withal to let them know, that if they refuſe theſe Terms, and give his Grace the trouble to ſend ſome Forces that way, they muſt not expect any other Capitulation, than to be made Priſoners of War. That the Garriſon of the Red Fort, which Surrendred Priſoners of War, conſiſts of a Major, 2 Captains, 4 Lieutenants, 3 Sergeants, and 167 private Men; and in the Fort was found, 9 Pieces of Cannon, 7 Tuns of Gunpowder, 3 Tuns of Grenadoes, 400 Cannon Balls, 5 Tuns of Musket Shot, with Bisket, Meal, and other Proviſions for the Garriſon. Which is all from Yours, *&c.*

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